CHARACTERS
And
ESSAYES,

By Alexander Garden.

ABERDENE,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE TRVELY HONORED, *and worthily worſhipfull,* SIR ALEXANDER GORDON, Knight-Baronet of *Clunie, &c.*

WHen theſe CHARACTERS curt, and ſhort ESSAYES,
Right Worſhipfull, vnworthie of Your view,
At ſome ſucceſſiue *Hours*, on ydle dayes,
My Pen, for Pinſell; Coale, for Colours, drew,
I ſtood, and ſtudi'd, whoſe præponed Name
Should dye in Graine, and Luſter lend to Them,

My Wits conven'd, and in my Braine combynd,
The free and friendlie Favours that I fand,
With th'ever-courteous Countenance and kynd,
That I haue alwayes at Your *Honours* Hand;
Adviſe mee onlie, that Your Worſhip ſhall
Giue Luſter, Life, Dye, and adorne Them all.

Deigne then t'accept Them with that wonted Grace,
Smoothe Front, and Face, that I did ever find:
Which perfectlie doth point out, and expresse
The Gen'rose Sprite, the wise and worthie Mind,
Which doth before the Worke, and Work-mans Skill,
In given-Gifts, regard the Givers Will.

Your Worships

ever Devoted,

ALEXANDER GARDEN.

TO THE READER.

Nitrebia! and tenderlie entreat,
If you haue leasure, and th'Essayres not great,
To take sometymes, and to survey this Table:
Which well perused, shall proove profitable.
Where then thy selfe in some of these shalt see
Portrayd, if ryther Good or Bad thou bee.

If good, insist, and make a Progresse still:
And if perverse, pray, and repent thine ill.
But I would wish, that thou thy selfe find foorth,
Amongst the best and worthie for thy worth.
Disdaine not then, nor loathe thou for to looke
Upon the Tenor of this tabled Booke.

Nor scorne thy Misses thongst these Maps to marke,
Albeit they bee not cut in curious VVorke:
As these, Apelles or he Lyso had limm'd
Or Hondius hand had them attyrd and trimm'd,
Yet sagely searched them in Theft shalt see,
Tho not to please, yet what may profit thee.

Even as justly you merit
So AL GARDEN inherit.

CHARACTERS AND ESSAYES.

A worthie King.

A Worthie King, of GOD OMNIPOTENT,
Is in the Nature of Government,
The verie Figure and the Image: Then
Hee is the Chiefe and Quinteſcence of Men.
The Champion of the Church next GOD is Hee,
And the Protector of the Policie.
The Lator of the Lawes, and of the ſame
The ſtrength and force, of thoſe that hee doth frame.
The Sword of Iuſtice is the King to kill,
And Mercies Scepter too, when ere Hee will.
The Glaſſe of Grace, the eye of Honour, and
The Bleſſing of the LORD vnto his Land.
Lyfe vnto Loyaltie, to Treaſon Terrour,
To Reaſon Rule, and Arbiter to Errour:
His power Soveraigne is, and his Command,
Moſt abſolute, and vncontroll'd muſt ſtand.
His frowne is Death, keene as a killing Knife,
And in the favour of his looke, is Life.
Hee is a Pilote, and His Bounds the Barge:
And all His Subjects therein, are His Charge.
Their Peace, His Pleaſure, Quietneſſe his Care,
And their kinde loue, doth his content declare.

Hee hath no Paralele, since in degree
None is, nor with Him in æqualitie.
His Royall Crownes prærogatiue none ever
Can from his sole Sov'raignitie dissever:
Hee is th'Anointed of the Lord, and such
None should therefore presume t'attempt to touch.
Hee of a Bodie is the head, heerefore
As sacred should vnwrong'd reigne evermore.
Hee is the Scourge of Sinne, the Rod of Vice,
And rateth Vertue at the highest price.
God *His* Vice-Roy, *Hee's* o're *His* people Supreme,
And vnder him whole Governour to them.
His Safetie must bee all his Counsels Care:
His *Health* and *Honour*, all *His* Peoples Prayer.
His Pleasure must bee pleasant to his Peeres,
And His Content His Kingdomes glads and Cheares.
His Presence must with Reverence be respected,
His Person strongl' attended and protected.
His Court must bee adorned and decor'd,
And still *His* State must b'intertain'd and stor'd.
None must presumpt'ouslie pry in, nor pearse
Into *His* Bosome, nor his Secrets Search.
His Will none should with-stand, nor it retard
When hee directs, but do't with great regard.
Since hee's (thó not a God) more than a Man,
And next to God for to bee honour'd than.
A Wall of Iasper, and an *House* of Golde
Hee is, that doth an *Heavenlie* Treasure holde:
Whose strong foundations are of precious Stone,
That Gates and entresse bot of Pearle haue none.
And all is precious passing ev'rie Thing,
Into a Godlie, Wise, and Worthie KING.

An vnworthie King. 2.

A Wicked, vitious, and vnworthie King,
Th'Vsurper is of Power in governing:
Where Tyrrhous rule into Authoritie,
Losseth the Glorie of true Majestie.

While

While dread and feare of Terrour frightech hence,
In ſubjects hearts, Loue from Obedience:
For when the Lyon Wolfe lyke liues, the Lambe
Murdred but mercie, dyeth with the dambe.
Hee is a piece, of too much pow'r and worth,
To ryot, and to laviſh Furie foorth.
Hee is the ſcourge of ſinne, altho the ſame
Shall bee for ſinne, caſt in the fierie Flame.
Hee th'Actor is, clad with the Cloake of Law,
That all good Acts, and Order doth orethraw.
Hee Fautor is, and Father of th'offence
Whereat hee winkes, or doth therewith diſpence.
His Reaſon in the acting of his furie
Hee in the Bellie of his Will, doth burie.
And in his Temper beſt, and calmeſt Caſe,
Hee's deſperate, and in a doubt of Grace.
His People and Kingdomes hee deſtroyes and waſtes,
And all but Care, to Ruine helpes, and haſtes.
Himſelfe a Prey to's Followers, and Foes,
Hee makes: and all in ende to Ruine goes.
Himſelfes a torror to his loathſome lyfe,
And feares, each keepes to cut his Throat, a Knife.
Hee ſcorneth GOD, and is to *Him* a *Traytor*,
And makes a God, and Idole bot of Nature.
Hee vſeth Reaſon bot to ruine Senſe,
And ſpeaketh faire vpon a foule pretence.
His Will, his Wit, it violentlie carries,
While Death, and Wrong, together mixt, it marries,
And jugulates, bot with Injuſtice hand,
To bib their Blood the beſt Men of the Land.
Vnlimitable his Luſt is, and deſires,
And to worke Tragicke Vengeance never tyres.
Inevitable is his Envie and Spight,
Hatcht in his hollow *Heart*, both Day and Night.
That ſhould bee beſt of Men, the worſt of Things,
Are tyrannous and cruell bloodie Kings.
His Blood-ſwolne Eyes, Darts ire; his banefull breath,
Breathes with the Baſiliſke vntimous death.
The hand of him is the vnrighteous Rod,
That ſmites the Godly, in the ſpight of GOD.

The

The Tyrants heart, it is a Court of evill,
The dwelling and Divano of the Devill.
His feete as th'Eagle flies, and ſpurs the poſt,
To execute his mall inventions moſt.
His Heaven his Pleaſure is, his God, his Gold;
His face affrights, and 's horrid to beholde.
The exerciſe that hee delighteth in
It only is, Iniquitie, and Sinne.
His words are wicked, and vncomfortable,
And all his Actions are intollerable.
In ſumme, hee hatefull is, and inhumane,
The Curſe of Crowns, of Royall State the Staine.
The Clogg of Court, and all the Counſels Croſſe,
A publicke Plague, and all the Kingdomes loſſe.

A worthie Queene. 3.

A Godly Queene, a Gift, is good, and great,
Vnto the King, the Countrey, Crowne, and State:
Shee is th'vmpeered Miſtreſſe, by her Merit,
And Grace of all her Sexe in Royall Spirit:
Shee is the chiefe of Women, and the choſe,
Lyke to the Moone, amongſt the Starres ſhee ſhoes:
And in her Spheare of Brightneſſe giues nohe place,
Bot to the King, her Sunne, in anie caſe.
Shee is his Diamond, that's never dimbe,
Bot clearely ſhynes, to all the Worlde and Him.
Shee is that rich, and precious Pearle, that Hee
Vnpriſable eſteemeth in his Eye.
The Ioy of Courts, and Comfort of the King,
From whence Content, all Peace, and Pleaſure ſpring.
Shee th'Orbe is where, his loving Motions moue,
In the effects, reciproake of their Loue.
Shee's Wiſdomes faireſt Loue, Shee's Vertues Grace:
In Naturs firſt, and Honours higheſt place.
Shee is the Hand-mayde of the LORD moſt hie.
And th'other halfe vnto the King muſt bee.
Laſt, by her worthie carriage ſhee gaines
To bee the Kingdoms Beautie, where ſhee reigns.

A wor-

A worthie Prince. 4.

A Worthie Prince, hee is th'Extreame, the Scope,
The *Altitude*, and Kingdomes higheſt Hope.
The richeſt Iewell, reckned of Renowne.
That Kings can haue inchaced in their Crowne:
And is the faireſt Flowre, for to bee ſeene,
That growes into the Garden of the Queene.
Hee is the aym'd-at-Obiect of the Eye
Of all the Kingdome, in his Infancie:
Hee is th' Marrow of the Mothers care,
A loving Syres ſoliſitude, much maire.
Hee is the Theame the Counſell oft thinks on,
In the ſucceſſion of the Royall Throne.
Hee is the Loue, Delight, and Ioy of all,
This great Incorporation Generall.
Hee's Natures Maſter-piece, and Loue no leſſe,
Of Wiſdome, in the lyfe of Worthineſſe.
Hee is a Maſſie-precious Ivor Boxe,
Full of Rubies, of the richeſt Rockes:
Attending Tyme, to empti'e and vnlo'ſe,
Such deare and daintie Wares as't doth incloſe.
Theſe are the Royall deeds, that hee ſhall doe,
In his ſucceeding lyfe, and Raigne into.
Hee prickes in's Wiſdome, Expectations Sprite,
And layes *Ambitions Heart* before his Feete.
And by his Vertue wins, and Valour both,
The Noblers Loue, and in their Boſome go'th,
His bountie ſtrongly binds, and not Conſtraint,
The ſervice of the moſt ſufficient.
Hee is the Chryſtall Glaſſe, where Nature may
The Quinteſcence of all her Arte diſplay.
He th'Index is, and Reaſons Booke indeede,
Wherein true Vertue may her honour reade.
Hee is the Morning-Starre, that blaz'th bright,
And doeth from the Sunne receiue its light.
Hee is the firſt wiſht Fruite that doth aryſe
From the bleſt Tree, of th'earthly Paradiſe.

Hee is

Hee is the Subiect of the most Import,
And Studie of the best, and wisest sort.
Vnto the Learned, and the sharpest wit,
Hee is a Matter admirable to it.
Last, hee is Wisdomes Sonne, and Honours hight;
Vertues Choyse, and Valours working Spright.

An vnworthie Prince. 5.

A Prince corrupt, hee is the Kingdomes feare,
And the Precursor of Corruption there:
A Pest to the Peace, and Rest of the Realme,
And the Concussor of the common Calme.
A Precedent that bad example giues,
And much mischiefe, and wickednesse contriues.
A naughtie Ductor, that great numbers drawes
Vnto Contempt, and to the breach of Lawes,
When Will and Power, Pryde in furie horse,
To act Ambitions bad designes perforce.
Hee's lyke a dreadfull Dreame to one that's vext,
And in the sprite much troubled, and perplext.
H'affrights, and most into his humours then,
The very mindes and hearts of prudent Men,
And for too much delight in Vanities,
Hee (careless) quites the loue of all the Wise:
And with th'aduise of grosse and giddie Heads,
His Actions all imprudently proceeds.
Hee's lyke a little mist, before the Sunne
His Carriere and dayly course beginne:
Which aye the more, and greater that it growes,
Lesse good it doth, and operation showes.
Hee is the griefe of the King, the Queenes sorrow,
And the Crosse of the Court, both even and morrow.
The Curse of Crownes, the Seede of Vnhappinesse,
And the vngracious Fruite of Vngodlinesse.
The Canker hee's that Kingdomes cleane consumes,
And Treasure Boxes empties all, and toomes.
His Countrey last, it may with Care him call
An vndigesting Bolle of bitter Gall.

A worth

A worthie Counſeller. 6.

A Worthie Counſeller into a Land,
Supporting it, doth lyke a Pillar ſtand:
And from th' Anoynted one, that reigneth there,
His is the greateſt, and the chiefeſt care.
The paines of his perſon, panſing of his Sprite,
Into the ſtate Effaires, are infinite.
Hee is a Guarde. Watch tower and Sentinell,
The Enemies approach t'attend and tell.
Hee's a Proviſor, to provide in ſtraites,
The Weale and preſervation of the States.
An Oracle hee's in th' Princes eare,
And in his fiſt him as a Brand doth beare.
An equall Weight, in Iuſtice ballance hee,
And light of grace, in loue of trueth, muſt bee.
In the carriage and the courſe of the Law,
As a cleare rayd eye, himſelfe hee doth ſhaw,
And in his fervor, in playing of his part.
In's Soveraigne ſervice, beholde, hee is an Hart.
A minde of Honour, a braine of Inventions,
For his Countreyes good, are all his Intentions.
His place is powerfull, and his Arme is ſtrong,
While his ſervice is faythfull, and doth no wrong.
His Honours, his Place, and Calling doth claime,
Due by deſert, and competent to them.
Hee, a Planet is, plac'd in the firmament,
Of the politicke Heav'n of Government.
Which through the cloudie, groſſe, and thickeſt aire,
The nature of his light doth kythe, declare.
In ſumme, and laſt, ſuch a one is hee,
That never can bee ſpar'd in Policie.

An vn-

An vnworthie Counſeller. 7.

A Publicke Poyſon, and pernitious thing,
And hurtfull harme, to the Crowne of a King,
Is a corrupted Counſeller, and evill,
The Sonne of Shame, and Suppoſt of the Devill.
The danger of the State, and oft the fall,
When Iudgement wants, or weakneſſe wryeth all.
The Eares of the King, hee doth enchant, and charme.
And doeth ſo, the whole Republicke harme.
Falſe in effect, tho moſt faire in his word,
And in th'advíſe of tyrannie, a ſword.
Pridefull, and perilous, his power ſtill,
And partiall proues his voting, with his will.
His heart is hollow, for his owne behoue,
In proteſtation of a feigned loue.
Hypocriſie the Cloake hee carries on,
His colde and counterfet Religion.
Trayterous invents, the onlie Agents are,
That ſtirre in him, a bolde Ambition dare.
Hee's lyke a cloudie and a threatning Storme,
That ſeemes to haue a Nat'rall cauſe and forme:
When that it Raines, diſſolues, and foorth doth fall,
It ſtriketh dead, and oftimes drowneth all.
Diſloyall to his Lord, ingrate to GOD,
To both vnworthie, and of Vertue voyde.
Hee is no perſon proper for his place,
But doth the grandour of that Rowne diſgrace,
Vnworthie alwayes, and therefore, vnfit
For to looke once, on Majeſtie from it.

A worthie Noble-Man. 8.

HEe's a true Noble, that is noblie borne,
Whoſe graceſull Vertue doth Deſcent adorne.

Nobilit

Nobilitie consistes not aye in Blood,
But in a personall, and practicke Good.
When as the Noble-borne, by actiue worth,
Decores, and crownes, and beautifies his birth.
Hee Noble is, that nev'r to Vertue, Wealth,
Nor to his Honour, doth preferre his Health.
For Countrey, King, and for the Christian Fayth,
Hee's truely Noble, that doth disdaine the Death.
And never doth regarde (for loue of these,)
His Hazards, Paines, his Losse, his Gaine, nor Ease.
And hee is Noble the noblest Nobles among.
That will not doe, nor will receiue, a Wrong.
Hee is compleatlie Noble, in everie Case,
Whose Nature is nobilitate with Grace.
And hee is Noble, that prudentlie, and wyse,
Doth hugg Humilitie, and Pryde despyse.
Graue Wisdome justlie doth most Noble esteeme,
The temperatelie Iust, and Magnaneim.
A Iverie Noble, a King, a Prince, or Earle,
In Natures Shop, is lyke a polisht Pearle:
Whose reasonable Soule is rapt aboue
Terrestr'all Trash, with hopefull holy Lone.
Hee's wholly Noble, into his Heart that hath
Strong holding Hope, true Loue, and living Fayth.
Hee's meerly Noble, whose Sprite aspiring springs,
Nev'r blinking backe, to Baggage basest things.
Hee is the Heart of Hospitalitie,
Bounties Lyfe, and Nurse of Charitie.
Hee's Learnings Loue, Necessities Relieue,
Valours Fame, and Wisdomes constant Clieue.
The Falcon hee's, that on no Carrion feeds,
And th'Eagle that after no Spider speeds.
Hee is the Dolphin true, that feares no Whale,
And never will for terrour turne his Taile.
Hee is in Reasons Heaven, a stately Starre,
And chosen Sainct in Vertues Kalendar.
Hee's in the Royall Round and Hemispheare,
A sure and setled Cynosura there.
Hee's Rector in Reasons Philosophie,
Load-starre of Light, in Lones Astronomie.

In Honours Court, hee hath the Marſhals place,
And's Royall Gallant into greateſt Grace.
In briefe, hee is the Beaut' of his Abode,
Belov'd of Men, and gracious vnto GOD.

An Ignoble-Man. 9.

TH'Ignoble are, that bee in Noble Roomes,
Putrid within, without faire painted Toombes,
Lyke th'Apple of Sodome, that is aſh within,
Altho it haue a gold-lyke glancing Skin.
It is to Reaſon an exceeding Griefe,
When Glories Styles, and Honours Tytles chiefe,
Birth, Fortune, Fate, or Chance, doth put or place,
In, and vpon the Subjects of Diſgrace.
Baſe, naughtieſſe, and th'ignoble Mynds of them,
Nobilitie, doth falſif', and defame.
When the Follie of Will, and want of wit,
For Vert' advancing, frames Nature vnfit.
Th'Ignoble are Bulks and Bodies of Baſeneſſe,
The verie Mynde, and Spirit of Groſſneſſe.
Into his Indevours and Diſpoſition
Of right Generation, hee's in Suſpition.
Wiſdome never knew, and Vertue nev'r bred him,
Learning nev'r taught, nor Honour nev'r led him.
To waſte and conſume, his courſe and inclination,
Without reſpect, to his place, or Reputation.
Vanitie and Wrong, are the whytes of the But,
Where-at the Ignoble doe aym, and doe ſhoot.
Waſtrie and Avarice, tho both b'extreame,
Are deareſt, deſir'de, delightſome to Them.
Th'ignoble are the Sorrow and the Shame
Of Kinſmen, Parents, Pedegree, and Name.
The ſtaine of their Title, the Plague of their Place,
Wracke of their Houſe, and Ruine of their Race.

A worthie

A worthie Bishop. 10.

ALL worthie Bishops, Ambass'dours they are,
To plot, and preach Peace, in the midst of Warre:
From th'Almightie to miserable Man,
Most worthily worthy these Worthies are Than.
They make th'Attonement, take vp the Trews,
From th Heaven, to th Earth, they bring the best newes.
Where mercies Patience, doth practise, and prease,
Nature corrupted, to call vnto Grace.
They are the sweet sounding Trumpets of loue,
That Fighters of Fayth, to fight it out moue.
And Heralds of wrath, that thunder-lyke threates,
For sinfull Trespasses, all manner of States.
Praying, imploring, with folded vp Hands,
Before the Holiest, humblie Hee stands.
Charie of their charge, and war'lie they watch,
From forcing their Flockes, and stands in the breach.
Th'are Pastors compleet, that None can reproue,
Full of a faythfull, and fatherly Loue.
Yet dreadfull, and deadlie Denuncers of Woe,
To sinfull Secure, in their Sermons they show.
These vigilant, wyse, and worthie Divines,
Are Sunnes to our Soules, but setting that shines.
In the Night of Nature, before vs they pace,
To leade vs to Goshen, to light vs with Grace.
Hee's vnreprooueable, whole of his Lyfe,
The Houseband and Head, of an only Wyfe.
Hee's prudentlie prompe, and apt for to preach,
To confirme, confute, instruct, and to teach.
Hee's harbrous, hee is helpfull, hee is holie,
To Wisdome woo'd, to Vertue wedded wholie.
Hee doth direct, by his workes and his word.
And squares his lyfe, by the Law of the LORD.
Hee's a Physician, and vseth (Therefore,
For the loue of the Soule) to search everie Sore:
Lansing what Leprose, or Festred Hee finds,
And so He remeads the Mallad' of Minds.

Searing some-times, and Corrosiues in cure,
Hee vseth for Putrids, till they bee pure.
Hee is fore-pacer, in the path-gate to Grace,
And worthie of Honour, respect of his Place.
For preaching of Lyfe, hee's worthie of Loue;
And hee for his Paines Prayse-worthie doth proue.

An vnworthie Bishop. II.

A Bastard that the Ephod doth abuse,
And is of faythfull Pastors the Refuse;
Hee's th'Out-cast, the Scroose, the Scumme, & the Shame,
Yea, th'Ignominie, of a worthie Name.
A Dog that is dumbe; a Drudge, and a Drone,
Vnworthie the Charge hee is chosen one.
When sparing of Paines, of Knowledge misuse,
Vnfaythfull Effects, but Profit, produce.
Idolatrous Seeds hee seminates, so
Sowes in the Soule, a Furie, and a Foe.
Vnhappie, forlorne, and light-lesse the Sheepe,
That Bishops so bad, haue credite to keepe.
When these they shall, for wanting Food bee found
To perish, pastring in a barren Ground
Hee breeds a Warre, Distrust, and Diffidence,
Into the Wittes of all his Audience.
Good Pastors aye, hee preasseth to supplant,
A Devill indeede, and bot in show a Sainct.
Hee makes Religion bot a Cloake of Sinne,
That covertly hee walks, and walloweth in.
And with a feign'd Humilitie doth hyde,
A passing and incomparable Pryde.
His Flesh doth fret, and all his Bones doe itch,
To raze the Poore, and for to rob the Rich.
Ev'n Wise-mans Eyes, hee leades, blind-folded foorth,
Bot with Conceit of his imagin'd Worth.
And drawes their thoughts to call Accompt, esteeme
(Tho hee bee not) him such as hee doth seeme.
Hee lookes lyke a Lambe, hee liues lyke a Foxe,
And cruellie, craftie, kils all his Flocks.

Hee is

Hee is the perſon of *Hypocriſie*,
Th' vnpure *Spirit* and Heart of Hereſie.
Griefe to the *Good*, to the Faythfull a Foe,
Croſſe to the Church, and to the World a Woe.

A worthie Iudge. 12.

THe worthie Iudge, doth well his Calling knaw,
And is the Grace and Glorie of the Law.
His *Stomacke* is a Treaſurie of *Trueth*,
And pondereth all, with Reaſons *Scalls* of Rueth.
Hee is indeede a Doome, whoſe Blaſt of *Breath*,
On breach of the Law, is dreadfull as Death.
Where criminall Faults muſt cleanly bee cut,
And from the Peace of the Publict-weale put.
A worthie *Iudge*, is a Sword in the *Hand*,
(To kill or conſerue) of the Lord of the Land.
In the Countreyes Cauſe hee ev'r hath an Eye,
That doth the weale of the *Common*-wealth ſee.
His Studie and Paines, (Proportion to keepe)
Bereaues him of Reſt, and of his ſound ſleepe:
Betwixt Commanding and Obedience,
To keepe the Crowne on the *Head* of the Prince.
And ſafelie and ſure, of the *Subject* als,
To hold on the *Head*, vnhewne from the *Hals*.
The worthie Iudge, is feared bot of Fooles,
Curſt bot of Knaues, and hated bot of *Snools*.
Hee's honour'd of Wiſe, of Prudent approv'd,
Gratefull to the Good, of the Godly belov'd.
Hee judges all Right, revenges all Wrong,
And doing theſe both, hee's ſteadfaſt and ſtrong.
His word is the *Law*, his Power is Grace;
His Merit, *Honour*; and his *Labour*, Peace.

An vnworthie Iudge 13.

IS IVSTICE griefe, in judging when Hee erres,
And partiallie, the Wrong, to Right preferres:
And when through Ignorance, Wrath, or Envy,
Th'Innocents Life, vpon his Lip doth ly.
His Handes are full of Brybes, defyl'd with Blood,
The guiltleſſe Gore, it fatts him moſt of Food.
His Heart is full of Hypocriticke Hate,
His Tongue of Treaſon, Vntrueth, and Deceit.
His face is feign'd, and Smooth as ſmootheſt Oyle,
Politickly, more to oppreſſe and ſpoyle.
Hee is a Man more morall, than divynd,
Iudicious more, than to bee juſt enclynd.
His Mercie mercinarie is, and ſolde,
His kyndeſt countenance, vncoſt, is colde.
His Lips doe laviſh, Legendes of the Lawes,
Yet giues colde comfort, to the Poore mans cauſe.
The weightie Angell doth over-weigh his Grace,
And turnes him Devill on his Tribunall place.
Altho the liverie of the Law, hee weares,
His Proceſſe all vnlawfull led appeares.
His holineſſe, is ſuperficiall,
And ſeemeth to bee ſo, and that is all.
Into the preached word, hee hath no Pleaſure,
And for the Worlde, to heare it, hath no leaſure.
His appetites, as they his Mynde doe moue,
Is the Religion, that hee beſt doth loue.
His goods, they are his Glorie, and his Gaine,
And hee impure, doth bot his place profane,
While Iuſtice ſacred Seat, hee makes to bee,
By his abuſe, nought bot a Boucherie.

A wor-

A worthie Knight. 14.

A Worthie Knight, is hee that doth inherit,
The proper Vertues of a perfect Sperit:
Whom Power can not appall, nor Crosse foot chanse,
Oppos'd, depresse, nor prosprous veles, advance.
True worthinesse is eminent in him,
That saselie in most dangerous deeps can swim.
Hee is a Magnanime and worthie Knight,
Into the Worlds vp-roars that walks vpright:
And not with Fortunes Change, nor Griefe of Minde,
Confounded, nor perplext in Sprite wee find.
Hee worthie is, that wiselie giues his word,
And keepes it too, th'vnsheathing of his Sword,
And not with light Escapes, or bastard bracks,
As Some snuffe Pepper, soone exceptions takes.
Hee worthie is, that bitter Things can beare,
And ov'r his Stresses Patience Tropheas reare.
True Magnanimitie, his Sword, and Horse,
Convoy, and hewes, his passages perforce.
And th'onlie Paradise, into his Eye,
Are Fields defeat. Tryumphs, and Victorie.
To pardon the Submissiue, and Distrest
Relieue, his Glorie is, and conqueſt best.
Hee will bee free from everie Blott and Blame,
That may imply Dishonour to his Name.
His pardon granting, to his prostrate Foes,
Most rich and famous him, in Mercie shoes.
Hee's voyde of Spight, and not with Hate defylde,
In Sprit stout, and in his Nature mylde.
Hee is not One, with Loue and Hate, that's mixt,
Nor wavers, as One fast, and loose betwixt.
Bot hee is Constant, true, and Bellicall,
Heroick like, and honorable with all.
Bot worthie Knights, Note this, in Number are,
In vnities, and now, bee singulare.
And like th'Arabian Bird, doth bot abound,
For They with vs, as there, these Fowls are found.

An vnworthie Knight. 15.

THe foule Refuſe, and the defect of Nature,
To Fortitude, and Honour true, a Traytor.
When to advance, his Valour it occurs,
His Blade is blunt, and hee wants ravell'd Spurres.
A Cypher in Court, a Sheepe in the Campe,
Yet lyke TYTIDES in the ſtreetes will ſtampe.
Hee is amongſt Men, lyke Owles amongſt Birds,
Shaming the Sword, to his ſide that hee girds.
Hee counts for no Promiſe, nor Honour, nor Fayth
(Gaine once hee his point) that hee plighted hath.
A Friend, or a Foe, hee finely can faine,
Grace thee even now, and gloome on thee againe.
Hee's worſhipt for his Wealth, not for his Wit,
Neyther was Valour the worker of it.
Where Courage for Honour doth enterpryſe,
Th'vnworthie Knight lyke to a Lubbard lyes.
When Magnanimitie with Courage ſtrong,
Through Perill paſſes to repare a Wrong.
Hee faintly feares, and Courageleſſe hee quakes,
And to heare theſe Attempts ſuch Terrour takes,
That all his Sprites, they poſt from him apace,
And Lead-lyke, Liue-leſſe, hee lookes in the Face.
Hee is the Chylde of Pryde, that doth deſpiſe,
The truelie Worthie, that through Vertue ryſe.
Hee's Follies Fav'rite, full of Oſtentation,
And onlie mightie in Imagination.
In Honours Court, yet there bee no ſuch Apes,
Knights bot in Cloathes, and Cavelliers in Shapes.
Vnto the Mould whereon they moue, bot Maſſes,
And God forbid our Countrey breed ſuch Aſſes.

A wor-

A worthie Gentleman, 16.

HEE is a bearing Branch of Honours Tree,
And Gentle Germen of Genuitie.
Whoſe Fruites for to be: Vertues Actions fall,
As pleaſing to the Eye of Iudgement all.
As truely Relliſhing and Smelling ſweet,
Vnto the Soule, and vnderſtanding Sprite.
The Deeds and Actions fitting him to doe,
Hee is not forc'd, nor is compeld there-to:
Except they bee Things naughtie, ill, and bad,
Where-to in Heart hee nere Intention had:
Bot eyther doth vnwittinglie ſuch Acts,
Or forc'd vnwillinglie vnto thoſe Facts.
Moſt effable, and in his Nature kynde
And flexible, yet with a Genroſe Mynde.
In his Alleadgeance is, and Loue moſt Loyall,
Vnto th'Authoritie, and Power Royall.
Religious, hot, and fyrie in his Zeale,
Moſt kyndlie carefull for the Common-weale:
And what is his, hee heedfullie regards,
And bount'fullie beſtoweth his Rewards.
Hee's Confident, reſolved, and Enteare,
From Fœminine, from Baſe, and Bairnlie Feare.
Hee's not compoſ'd, nor come of Curriſh kynd,
Bot caſt in Vertues Mould, pure, poliſht, fyn'd.
And by the Sprite of Wiſdome, dreſt and ſquar'd,
In Honours Houſe, for to bee plac'd, prepar'd.
Hee in Apparell doth more comelie goe,
Than coſtlie, for a Pharaſaicke ſho
More healthſome is his Fare, and daylie Dyet,
Than Exceſſiue, Profuſe, and given to Ryot.
Hee Exerciſe, for Pleaſure, more doth loue,
Than that the ſame ſhould to him painfull proue.
His Studies all, are for Inſtruction more,
Than Oſtentation, Pryde, or worldlie Glore.
His Loues not wanton, no, nor fitting are,
Bot faythfull, vertuous, chaſte, and regulare.

Hee is no Niggard, no, nor Prodigall,
But treades the Temprates ſteps, the beſt of all.
His Carriage is not Carledge, nor auſtere,
Nor Apiſhly doth hee his Bodie beare.
His Pedegree, Deſcent, and gentle Blood,
By courteous Carriage hee doth make them good.
And by the vertuous Courſe, and Lyfe hee liues,
H'example good, to his Succeſſion giues.

An vnworthie Gentleman 17.

IS the Deriſion and the Scoffe of Wit,
True Honours Scorne, and the ydle Ape of it.
Where Wealth much more than Worth and Wit wee ſee,
Is vainly worſhipt with Simplicitie.
Hee's One of Vices Varlets, that delights
In Vanities exceſſiue Dayes and Nights.
And one that all doth prodigallie ſpend
Imprudently, but eyeing ev'r the ende.
And ydlie more on worthleſſe workes and Vaine
Doth waſte, than would a Temprate STATE maintaine:
Or well husbanded, or managed, might
Attaine to Honour, in the Vertuous ſight.
All his Delight's in Vice and Vanities,
His Cogitations ydle, and inanities.
His Heart is hollow, hardned, and vnholy,
His exerciſe, is feckleſſe, frivole, folly.
His pleaſures imp'ous are, and all prophane,
His ſtudies ſuch as yeelde no Grace, nor Gaine.
His Converſation, bairnly is, and baſe,
Degenrate from a Iennet, to an Aſſe.
His Rayment and Apparell out of forme,
His dyets are inordinare, enorme.
Out of all Square, his Carriage is almaiſt,
And None his companie at all requeaſt.
Since Buzzard-lyke hee's with a Falcons Bell,
Or lyke a Iade, ſpread with a golden Pell.

A wor-

A worthie Lawyer 18.

IN Vertue, Conſcience, Grace, and Iudgements grouth,
Hee is the Indagator of the Trueth:
Hee painfully PLEAS, doth practiſe, and preaſſe,
To bring them into Concluſions of Peace.
The Time hee divides in vſes to knaw,
From Ignorance, the knowledge of the Law.
Obſcurities, h'vnlockes and open layes,
And truely th'Orator pleading hee playes.
With emptie hands, a pittying Sprite, and pure,
In Conſcience Court, hee patrones aye the Poore.
In Reſolutions, and Reſponſes plaine,
And quicke in giving, But all greede of Gaine.
A CORRYPHAVS in his Clients Caſes,
And ſtill the Beſt, and not the Bad, imbraces.
Hee doth not loue to holde a Client long,
Nor will defende what well he viewes is wrong.
The Caſe, and not the Client, hee reſpects,
And not what's wrong, but Verities protects,
His labours are to make his Calling bee,
(Even as it ſhould) ſeene in Sinceritie.
Hee doth deſpyſe, both Falſehood, and Delayes,
And others Knaveries, in their PLEAS diſplayes.
H'abhors Advantage, by ore-ſight, or ſleuth,
Of Others, if the Matter bee of Trueth.
Hee wearies not his Poore-men, with depending,
Nor to the Iudges, or the Wryters ſending.
But all that theſe bad Patrons puts Them to,
Hee by his Servants or himſelf, doth doe.
And more for Conſcience, Credite, and his Name,
Than for their Money, hee doth doe for Them.
Still of his Calling hee doth Conſcience make,
And bot what They may gladly giue, will take.
Hee doth not ſucke their Subſtance by ſlim Shifts,
As Thieſe-lyke ſome doe vſe, and yet Vnthrifts.
Hee by his faythfull Labours (not by Stealth)
And gotten, guided well, doth grow to Wealth.

Yet

Yet all the Goods with *Honeſtie* hee gains,
Hee prudentlie imployes, and nought prophanes;
So worthily, moſt worthie, hee doth grace,
Where hee doth paſſe, and is imploy'd the Place.
Of all men hee's reſpected for good parts,
And gets for gracious Guiding, Good-mens *Hearts*,
For hee is faithfull, efauld, vpright ever;
Diſſimulate, nor falſe, nor feigned never.

An vnworthie Lawyer. 19.

HEE is a *Lawleſſe*, *Perdite*, and a Loſt,
The Figure bot of a ſoot-ſaring Poſt;
That carries, not knowing (a Bag full of *Billes*)
The Tenor, *Contents*, their Mynds, or their Wills:
Only can reade their *Tytles*, and direct,
Sans knowledge vnto what farder effect.
To bee inform'd hee troubles nor travels much,
Since that the Trueth hee nere intends to touch.
Hee'll agravate and make the Matter great,
And many Maximes of the Law repeat:
To cauſe his *Client* thinke his Caſes are
Pronounced PRO, before hee breaſt the Barre,
Hee ſpeakes bot Problems, Sentences, or Phraſes;
Quotes Acts, and Lawes, till Ruſtickes hee amazes.
Yet what hee ſpeakes, or quotes, be words bot waſte,
And waird bot as the Blinde their Clubs doe caſt:
Or as the Bairnes their Leſſons learne by rat,
So hee but farder knowledge rymes bot that.
Hee hath an *Heart* to Greedineſſe ſo given,
That hee will perill all, and hazard *Heaven*,
Before hee ſhall not (O Vngodlie gaine!)
By beggering his Clients, Wealth obtaine.
Hee nev'r with his *Conſcience* comes to count,
So that hee ſee his Meanes and *Honour* mount.
Hee glores in Geare, Gold-*Angels* are his Gods,
For which his Trueth, hee tramples on, and troads.
Hee ſtudies all, to *Sophiſtrie* and *Shifts*,
Protracting Time, ſtill hee delayes, and drifts.

and

And empties ſo his long Dependers Purſes,
Till they, by weeping Croſſe, with Sighs, and Curſes,
Departe: when what they had prepar'd is ſpended,
Their Cauſes ill perſude, and worſe defended.
They never haue compaſſion on the Poore,
Bot like a Proſtitute and publicke Whoore,
From both the Parties, but a ſenſe of Shame,
And all that Silver ſets they take from them.
They Trickers are, and Tyners of a Cauſe,
But Conſcience, and Knowledge of the Lawes.
They haue no Soule, they haue no Shame, nor Eyes,
Bot ſuch as ſole their preſent Profit ſees.

A worthie Souldiour. 20.

A Worthie Souldiour worthily is ſtylde,
VALOVRS Genuine, and naturall Chylde.
Predeſtinate train'd vp, and borne to bee
Fit for the ſervice of Neceſſitie.
And th'Enſigne to advance and carrie foorth,
Of Honour in the actiue Acts of Worth:
Hee dyes the Earth, in crimſon with his Handes,
While hee the Violence of Wrong with-ſtands.
Hee ruines that which prowde Ambition reares,
And Tyrants Statutes into Tags hee teares.
Hee is a warie Watch-man, and with Wit,
Advantage takes of Time, and vſeth it
Into the Projects and Deſignes hee hath,
For executing of his lawfull Wrath:
While Cowards baſe make Flight their ſoule Refuge,
Hee makes his Blade his Arbiter and Iudge.
And with the Pike Objections hee impoungs,
When others bot retort them with their Tongues.
The dint of Death, altho before his Eyes,
Hee obviates, before Indignities.
Hee is a Lyon, awfull to Ambition,
And lyke a loving Lambe, vnto Submiſſion.
Hee holdeth Hope, in hazards by the Hands,
And on the Head of Feare, triumphing ſtands.

hee is the

Hee is the Peare, Preſerver, and a Shield,
Vnto his king and Countrey in the Field.
Vnto diſloyall Subjects hee is ſeene,
A Perſecuter conſtant, and a keene.
Hee leades to Battell chearfull, as hee paſt
Vnto a Banquet, for to breake his Faſt.
Hee knowes not Cowardice, nor fainting Feare,
On Reſolution, hee his Reſt doth Reare.
Search all his Forts, his ſtrongeſt you ſhall finde,
To bee the Magnaminit' of his Minde.
Looke to his Life, and Thou ſhalt ſee't, a way,
Where Dangers obviate, and meete Him ay.
Yet with vndaunted Sprite hee forward fares,
And to no Fortune ſtoups, nor perill ſpares.
In midſt of Martiall Broyls, and braue Alarms,
Hee with his Armes, there ſtoutly wins his Armes.
And by his Merits, in the Fields, and Plains,
In Court at home, his Honors hee obtains.

An vntrained Souldiour. 21.

A Souldiour but ſkill, and an vntrain'd,
Is like a young Hound, or a Whelpe new wain'd,
That can not doe, when firſt hee falles to hunt,
Lay downe his Noſe, as other Hounds are wont:
Nor put vpon a piece of Service, knoes
His Pike, nor Peece, nor Perſon, to diſpoſe.
The manner of his March is like as whan
Tyr'd at the Plough, trudge home is ſeene a Man.
Hee beares his Blade, before his Bellie tyde,
For to bee ſure, hee loſe't not from his Syde.
His Pike hee lyke a Pyke-ſtaffe lifts aloft,
As Boors their Bacon carrie, when it's coſt:
And with a minicke minſing of his owne,
A kynde of Carriage, yet in Camps vnknowne.
Hee ſo preſents his Peece, with ſpeciall Grace,
Which makes his Fellowes flout him in the Face.
On goes his Arms, VVaſte-coat-lyke, ore his Ears,
And hee his Murrion, lyke a Night-cap weares.

VVhen

When to bee quarterd, to the Fielde hee's led,
As with his Bobbie hee lookes for his Bed.
And when prepar'd his Provant hee eſpyes,
Hee Kyte-like craving, for his Victualls cryes.
And ere he ſcarce be come, or knowne, he will
Wiſh to bee home, at's Mamie, or the Mill.
And hanging downe his Head, hee drouping goes,
As if hee had his Heart into his Hoſe.
And in his Hut, when hee to reſt doth take him,
Hee ſleeps, till Drums or deadlie Pellets wake him.
Thus hee himſelfe hee carries, and deſcryes,
In all Imployments, in all Companies.
Till Martiall Diſcipline this Milk ſoppe raw,
Doe ſeaſon, and to vnderſtanding draw.
A Cypher hee's, mongſt Figures, and is nought,
Bot a Shadow, and not a Subſtance thought.

A worthie Phyſician. 22.

IS open Enemie, and Foe profeſt,
To Sickneſſe, Diſeaſe, to Plagues, or to Peſt:
Purging from Nature Corruptions, and what
Infects deſtroyeth, or weakneth, yet that.
In feeling of Pulſes, or grouping of Wriſts,
Or viewing of Water, his Actions conſiſts.
Diſcourſes that chiefelie fits him, and pleaſes,
Are of the Cauſes and kinds of Diſeaſes.
In Phyſicall things, hee frets till hee finds,
And ſearcheth of Simples, Sorts, and the kinds.
And then of theſe all, accordingly takes,
Adviſedly, ſo his Mixtures hee makes.
Vnto his Patients, hee Patience perſwades,
And with a modeſt Mirth, their Griefes hee glads.
Much hee doth moue, allow, and advance,
And praiſeth oft in Purpoſe, Temperance,
Both to avoyde all Waſtrie of Wealth,
And for vpholding of bodily Health.
Purging and Bleeding his Counſellours bee,
Into conſerving of ſound Sanitie.

His

His two Attendants and On-wayters are,
The choyse Chyrurgion, and Apothecare.
Resolv'd with these, of Time, and Seasons sure,
Hee temprate tryes, and cunning in his cure.
Surfets, Excesse, and Venerie both,
Agents alwayes for his Imployments go'th.
When as from one-an-others weakenesse hee will,
Straine Strength to himselfe, by Knowledge and Skill.
Thus they are needfull, and necessare Men,
To cure Diseases vnnecessare then.

An vnworthie Physician. 23.

AN Asse turnd Ape, his Office hee vses,
Yet Artlesse, both Practise and Parties abuses.
Bayard-lyke blind, hee bloodeth with the Lance,
Doe hee cure, or kill, hee cares not what chance.
Witlesse with Vomit, or Purging hee will,
Giue Health in haste, spoyle presentlie, or spill.
Hee cracks of his Cures, his Travels, and where,
Such Wonders hee wrought, scene seldome or rare.
Bot so farre a-Field, that there are found few,
Will tye them, to try his talking, if true.
Hee vaunts of Rewards, and venteth out Wonders,
That his Receipts, were nere lesse than hunders,
In Markets and Faires, hee is not away,
Walking, and viewing, some Vrinals ay.
Where if hee find Hot, Grosse Humors, or Raw,
Albeit that Liech hee little doth knaw;
Yet some thing to seeme, some-what hee will say,
Lyn'd with some Latine, that lykelie it may.
And if hee hit, and to a Purpose speake,
Then looks hee lyke One to salue all the Sicke.
This Fellow effronted, hee never sayles,
In telling stale Iests, and olde merrie Tales.
For olde Ones to laugh, and the Young to allure,
Peares hee hath pocked, and Sweeties bee sure.

Peartly

Peartly hee ſpeakes, as having Inſpection,
And ſkilfull in knowing of evrie Complection.
And if a ſtrange Cure hee ſtumble on, or chance,
Out of his Artleſſe vſe, and Ignorance;
Yet ſaucie, and ſhameleſſe, ſweareth this Ann,
That eaſily cure Incurables hee can.
Bot being vnlearnd, vnhoneſt, and als,
Oft times found fooliſh, found fraudfull, and falſe;
Indeed, if not Death, it's Danger to deale,
With ſuch Quacke-ſalvers, for ſicke Men, or Whole.

A worthie Merchand, 24.

IS th'Heire of Adventure, whoſe Hopes doe hing,
On Gaine, that the Winds from the Waters bring:
With Halters of Hempe, and Horſes of Tree,
Through the watrie waſte Region rydeth hee:
And with a Merrie Gale chearfull hee is,
Furrowing the Foame, and ſhearing the Seas:
In Trading by Toyle, and Travell hee takes,
Diſcoveries of Coaſts and Countreyes hee makes.
N'Hazard this Worthie from Ventring exempts,
Bot ſtablie hee ſtands in all his Attempts.
Hee ſpares not Expences, expecting his Gaines,
So Traffique and Trade, the Merchand maintaines.
His Studie is Number; his Care, his Accounts,
To know how his Meanes diminiſh, or mounts.
His effauld-Faythfull Formes are his Defence,
And greateſt Comfort, is, his Conſcience.
Hee trades not with a Meaſure falſe, his Fame
Is whole, and all: his Wealth, is his good Name.
Hee feares no Sill', and by Charibdis ſayles,
Nor for a Wracke, hee out of meaſure wayles.
Altho with Tempeſts, hee bee toſt and ſtreſt,
Yet hopes in the Hav'n to ryde, and to reſt.
And by his Trade, and Labours long at leaſure,
Hee gets his Goods, and finds the Key of Treaſure.
Hee bringes, from th'Obſervations of his Eye,
The Modeles beſt, of Architecturie.

And from a bought Exper'ence, and the Sourſe
Of Knowledge high, hee draweth his Diſcourſe.
What comely is abroad, and good, hee knowes,
Moſt circumſpectly that at *Home* hee ſhowes.
In his Apparell, hee is neat, and cleane,
And modeſt in demeanure, hee is ſeene.
Not daintie, nor too delicate, in Dyet,
Vſing the meane twixt Parcimon' and Ryot.
Full of Civilitie, and alwayes, (Note)
Hee *Holy* is, Religious, and Devote.
And to the Citie, Countrey, Court, and King,
What cannot wanting bee, doth daylie bring.

An vnworthie Merchand. 25.

A Cheater hee is, that with a full Purſe,
Will with the Beſt to the *Board*, and the Burſe:
Then ſoberly bargaine, and promiſe to pay,
Peremptorly keepe his houre, and his day.
So craftily thus in Credite hee creepes,
For once hee or twiſe his Covenants keepes.
But Pedlar-lyke yet how ev'r hee begins,
More with his Wit, than *Honeſtie*, wins.
Hee liſts what hee can, from Coap-men, and *Strangers*,
While Credit hee cracks, and Conſcience indangers.
At greateſt rate, hee buyes the worſt of Wares,
But for the Payment, neyther counts nor cares.
Yet with faire words tho falſe, theſe Forraigne Goods,
As truſtie Stuffe, at *Home*, on Friends, h'obtrudes.
His Meaſures double are, and wrong his Weights,
And ſeldome holds (ſuppoſe he ſweare) his *Heights*.
Hee paſſes not for Pietie, if Poore;
And if hee bee Rich, none dow him endure.
Hee in the Streets derayd, above his *State*,
A-gadding goes, and vp and downe doth jet.
Olde CRAVCHAS Cooke, hee likned is vnto,
That buſie ſeemes, where there is nought to doe.
Hee is a cogging Knaue, and craftie aye,
Over-Roguing all, that over-reach hee may.

t'impone

T'impone the Simple, ſuch oft times are wittie,
Yet they diſhonour, and they ſhame their Citie.
And with their Faſhions faire, tho falſe, deface,
And are vnto all Merchants good diſgrace.
Yet time decyphers theſe Deceivers all,
When they deboſh, and play Bankrupt, with all.

A Good Man, 26.

THat feares for Loue, his GOD, and in His Light
Of Trueth doth trace, and walks His Wayes aright;
And as in Loue, through Fayth, his GOD hee knaws,
To keepe in him the compaſſe of the Laws.
Of GOD, a Good Man is th'Idea, and
A Lord ore all Hee create to Command.
To worſhip Him, and ſerue Him holy made,
Tho from Sinceritie, to Sinne, hee ſlade.
With Reaſon borne, to know Things Naturall,
Inſpir'de by Grace, for Metaphyſicall.
Hee hath a Fate, that vp to Heaven doth bende,
A Soule to Senſe, that all the Life doth lende.
And to the Worlde is a Stranger given,
While of his Sprite the Home is onlie Heaven.
His Life a Time of Toyle, is ſtrangely ſtreſt,
His Death, againe, the Walke and Way to Reſt.
His Studie is, into the Word of Trouth,
Which carefullie hee keepeth in his Mouth:
And in his Life to practiſe it doth proue,
For his Delight is in the Law of Loue.
Hee doth prouide bot for Neceſſitie,
And caſts his Care in th'vſe of Charitie.
Hee doth converſe with divine Prophets, more
Than worldly Profits, to increaſe his Store.
In the Law of the LORD is all his pleaſure,
And in His Knowledge, all his Wealth and Treaſure.
His Boſome thus the beſt of Wit incloudes,
And thus hee's rich, into the beſt of Goods.
Heaven of his Eye, it is th'Extent and Scope,
And Life through CHRIST there-in his higheſt Hope.

Humilitie, the Scale it is, where-by
Hee having Pride depreſt, doth mount on hy.
His Patience is Procurer of his Peace,
That guyded is with Vertue, Wit, and Grace.
Hee is the Seede of Loue, and by th'eff. &
Of Grace, hee's Heire of Heaven, and Life Elect.
For all that hee doth care for, craue, and claime,
Is for that Heavenlie High IERVSALEM.

A bad Man, or Atheiſt. 27.

WIth GOD, with Man, the World, himſelfe, at Warre,
And what not, all hee to Damnation dare.
In Nature like a Dog; in Wit, an Aſſe,
And Beaſt-like hee doth in his Paſſion paſſe.
Into his Actions, which are alwayes evill,
Hee is a Corporall Incarnate Devill.
Hee maketh Sinne a Mocke; the BYBLE, a Bable,
GODS Grace, an Humour; and His Trueth, a Fable:
And calles it Cowardice, for to keepe Peace,
For troubled Tymes, hee holds his Happineſſe.
His Caſtle hee doth call his Sword; and Pride,
The Horſe, where-on this Hell-bound haunts to ryde.
His Purchaſe, Pyckrie is; his Language, Lyes;
His Longing, Luſt; his Puncke, his Paradiſe.
And with a Whore, and a polluted Punke,
His Glorie is, to bee deboſht, and drunke.
Hee is the Patron of Impietie,
And deadly Danger of Societie.
Hee Vertue loathes, and loveth Vanitie,
And is the Horrour of Humanitie.
In Bawdrie, and in Barratrie, h'abounds;
Till Bodie, Soule, and Fame, hee all confounds.
Hee boaſts the Good, and hee vpbraids them broadly,
And ſpights at all the Gracious and Godly.
His Paunch is his Prince; the Taverne, his Towre;
Mahound, his Maſter; his Miſtres, a Whore.

Oathes

Oathes are his Graces, and Woundes are his Badges:
Rebell, and Rogue, and Picke-purſe, his Pages.
Hee knowes not GOD, nor goes where Grace doth dwell;
Bot walks through the World, like a Devill to Hell.
Hee Treachrous is, and a Truethleſſe Detractor,
The Fellon, the Foole, the Plends Benefactor.
Vntymely Begotten, and backwardly borne:
Vnworthilie waxes, and liveth forlorne.
A Monſter to Men, a Foole to the Wiſe:
In doubting, Deſpare, and damned hee dyes.

A wiſe Man, 28.

IS Like vnto a Clocke, that nev'r doth thyme,
Bot at the Houre, and ſtriketh ſtill in Tyme:
Or as a Dyall juſt, ſet with the Sunne;
Or Glaſſe that well doth keepe, and reſtleſſe runne.
So will hee never ware a Word, bot whan
To ſpeake pertains, vnto a Prudent Man.
Hee meaſures Time, and all in Seaſon does:
Hee tempreth Nature, and doth Reaſon vſe.
Senſe hee commands, and Will hee keepeth vnder:
And all with Knowledge, hee doth poſe and ponder.
None can his Eares with Charmes blow vp, and batter:
For faſt They are, when Paraſites doe flatter.
Cloſſe is his Mouth, vnto detracting Tongues:
And no falſe Imputations hee impungs.
An humble Heart, an open Hand, and free,
nee hath to Want, and vnto Pietie.
To Obſervation aye his Labours tende,
And wiſe Experience is his Ayme and Ende.
To Contemplation, and to meditate,
nis Thoughts are oft devote, and dedicate.
The Divine VVord made Man, his VVill, his Law.
Is all that hee doth call for, cares to knaw.
Swolne Pride hee knowes not of Proſperitie,
Nor yet the Miſrie of Adverſitie.
Bot takes the one, as if the Day, or Light,
And th'other, as the Darkneſſe, and the Night.

Hee knowes not Fortune, and no Fate hee feares,
Bot builds, and all, on Providence hee reares.
And through the hope of Fayth, that Grace hath given,
Hee reaches high, and doth lay hold on Heaven.
His Workes are good, and Godly, as his Mynde,
His Words and Thoughts to honour all inclynde:
For hee in Loue th'Elect is of the LORD,
A Maſter to the Worlde, that cares not for't.
And tho heere borne a Stranger, bot on Earth,
In Heav'n a Burger, by a ſecond Birth.

A Foole. 29.

A Foole hee is, the'Abortiue Birth of Wit,
And the vnfaſhiond Embrio of it:
Where Nature had more Power, than Reaſon Vſe,
The Fruit of Imperfection to produce.
His Actions all, are almoſt all Extreames,
Of Meanes, nor Endes, hee never doubts, nor dreames.
Nature taught Fooles, to Eate, to Worke, and Sleepe,
Tho they there-in no Time nor Meaſure keepe.
Fooles haue no feare of GOD, reſpect to Men,
And voyde of Reaſon, they no Duetie ken.
Bot as their Paſſion, and their braine-ſicke Wits,
Tranſport them, they doe play their fooliſh Fits.
His Exerciſe, it is foure folde alway,
H'eats, drinks, and ſleepes, or then is laughing aye.
Fyue thinges doe humor him, and much doe moue,
And not bot theſe can hee thinke of, nor loue.
And what are they? a Bauble, a Bell, and bot
A pupped Pudding, or a pyed Coat.
His Wordes want Wit, and Reaſonleſſe his Will;
For it reſolv'd, doth neither good nor ill.
Hee Wiſdome and Inſtruction doth deſpiſe,
Since hee can nought, or hee will not bee wyſe.
His Front, his Index is, and doth expreſſe,
His Mindes diſtemprature and giddineſſe.
His fooliſh Fits, neyther the Bad doe pleaſe,
Nor can the Good bee ſeene content with theſe.

hee o n t

Hee out of Meaſure is in Motion ever,
And bot when hee doth ſleepe, hee reſteth never.
Hee is vnhappily begotten and borne,
(Tho not his fault) Reaſon and Wiſdomes Scorne.
A Shame to's Syre, a Blott vnto his Brother:
A Curſe to's Kin, a Miſchiefe to his Mother.
Hee liues a Beaſt, and doth no better die,
But Wit and Reaſon, Natures Infamie.

A plaine honeſt *Man* 30.

LIke IACOB is, and dwelleth into *Tents*,
Not full of *Congies* and *Court* Complements:
Bot hee is faithfull, cſauld, free, and plaine;
And ſo but change, immobile doth remaine.
Like to a Coat, that is ſo well prepar'd,
To fit the Wearer plaine, but *Welt*, or Gard.
When as the *Stuffe* where-of the ſame is made,
Nor is the forme, in more requeſt is had:
So th'honeſt Heart, but Fraude (that breedes Offence)
The *Credit* keeps of a good Conſcience.
Fred from infernall Brands of *Infamie*;
From Scandall, and deſerved Obloquie.
His works are vert'ous, and his *Words* are *Trueth*:
His *Progreſſe* plaine, and all his Practize Rueth.
His *Life* is Labour paſt with Patience,
His Reſt is Death, and his *Sprites* Paſſage hence.
His Travell is from Infancie to *Age*,
A painfull Paſſage, and a Pilgrimage.
His *Wayes* yet plainneſſe, and his Pleaſure, Peace;
His whole delight, is Loue, his Glorie, grace.
His Crdit, is his *Coyne*, Reaſon, his *Square*:
Content, his Kingdome, *Conſcience*, his *Care*.
His Carr'age courtous is, and no waies vaine:
His Heart is humble, holie, and humane.
Hee neu'a is *Churliſh*, ever Charitable:
In Talking, and Diſcourſes, delectable,

Hee ever was, and ever will bee found,
Amongst rich Iemms, the righteſt Diamond.
A Phenix amongst Fowles: yea, hee is borne,
Mongſt Men a Saint, mongſt Beaſts an Vnicorne.

A Knaue, 31.

THe Worſt of Wit, and the Scorne of Reaſon,
Begot but Grace, and ſyne borne, out of Seaſon.
Hee is the Shame of good Societie,
And Promptuarie of Impietie.
Hee doth diſhonour all the humane Race,
And is paſt helpe of GOD, paſt hope of Grace.
Hee corrupts Age, and hee infecteth Youth:
Hee hateth Wiſdome, and detracts the Trueth.
His Words are falſe, his Oathes prone perjuries:
His Studies, Trickes; his Practiſe, Villanies.
His Wealth, for Wit and Honour, hee doth holde:
For Glorie, Gaine; and for his God, his Gold.
To Truſt, a Traytor; t'Amitie, a Thiefe:
Prompe in the Plots, and Practiſe of Miſchiefe.
A Friend to none, or found to few is hee,
And yet hee is aye his owne Enemie.
An Vnthrift ſince his Breathing firſt, and Birth;
Abhorr'd in Heav'n, vnhallowed on the Earth.
His Heart of Poyſon is a Pond that ſprings,
His Tongue deceitfull, and lyke Dragons Stings.
And lyke a Limbecke is his fleeting Braine,
That doth diſtill Inventions vilde and vaine.
Hee loues no Lawes, nor counts of their Commands:
For Hell, Mahound, and hee hath ſhaken Hands.
And as hee VVolfe-lyke liues, falſe like a Foxe;
Hee Dogg-lyke dies, or in the Streets, or Stockes.

An Vſurer

An Vſurer, 32.

THe Character and Patterne is expreſſe,
Of worldly Miſerie, and VVretchedneſſe.
The Gold and Money that theſe Miſers haue,
Their Maſter is, and they their Silvers Slaue.
What they doe call, and for their owne doe claime,
They haue it not, for it bot holdeth Them.
They haue no Grace Divine, nor God, bot it,
VVhich robs their Reaſon, and bereaues their VVit.
The more they come by, more and more they craue;
And wiſh their Gardivyots were their Graue.
For where their Heart and Treaſure is, there would
They ly, and bee engraveld with their Gold.
Their Greed it is, ſ'vnſatiate, and ſuch,
Gaine what they lyke, they cannot get too much.
Their ev'r vnbounded Pleaſure in their Pence,
Makes them but Soule, but Sight, but Shame, but Sence.
Their Feare, is VVant, and for to get, their Care:
Their Dyet is, plaine Faſting, or poore Fare.
Their Studie, Sparing; and their loathſome lyfe,
Still with it ſelfe is at Debate and Stryfe.
Their Habit, and their Cloathing, oft declares,
They were the Hang-mans, or of rouped VVares.
Their Teeth of Intereſt deſtroyes and eates,
And is a Canker vnto all Eſtates.
They ſwill, they ſucke, and like Loach-Leeches Bloods,
And drinke their Debters Subſtance, and their Goods.
They loathed liue, and vnlamented die:
Drudges to Droſſe, and Mappes of Miſerie.

A Beggar, 33.

A Layſie Lout, that doth himſelfe profeſſe.
The Fellow, Pheire, and Mate of Idleneſſe.
His Lyfe a Reſolution is of Eaſe:
High-wayes, his VValke, hee travels moſt in theſe.

Bot th'Ale-house is the Place of his Retreat,
Where with his VVhore hee will not misse to meete.
And there ore-turnes, and freely tosse the Pot,
That with a feign'd Infirmitie they got.
For busily his Studies are all bent,
To counterfit th'Infirme, and Impotent.
And all his Practise, is espyde to bee,
To cogg, and coozen simple Charitie.
Of all the Rabble of all ranging Rogues,
None are more noysome, than these swarming Progs.
For into everie Hamlet, Towne, and Farme,
Lyke Caterpillars they doe flocke and swarme.
At Bed, at Board, from Home, and in the House,
Their Fellow and Companion is a Lowse.
VVith Blessings they begin, and pray for all;
Bot into Cursing oftimes ends their Call.
None lives on th'Earth Religious lesse than they,
They prey on Men, yet nev'r to GOD they pray.
Thanks none, or few, to Him they giue; and lesse
Regard they giue their Givers in Distresse.
No, none more lewdlie liues, and more impure,
And none are worse, and vicious more bee sure.
They carnall are, and lustfull, out of Measure,
And bruish in the acting of their Pleasure.
They Marrie seldome, baptize nev'r their Brood,
And others know, but Caring, Kynd, or Blood.
Th'are Atheists almost all, and in effect,
God nor the Devill, Hell, Lord, nor Law respect.
They trade by Beggrie, many tymes by Stealth,
And alwayes VVasters of the Common-wealth.
His Birth, his Lyfe, and Death, oft falleth thus,
Hee's gotten and borne into a Barne and Bush.
Then ydlie dryues his Dayes, and leads his Lyfe,
VVithout all Law, and her that for his VVyfe
Hee holds, a VVhore, a Thiefe is, or a VVitch;
And last, hee ends and dyeth in a Ditch.

A Virgine.

A Virgine, 34.

IS like the Lillies, and the Crimſon Roſes,
When Phœbvs force their luked Leaues vnloſes:
VVhich kythe in Colours pure, and all Ingraine,
But anie Macule, Taſh, or anie Staine,
Shee's Natures Beautie, in her chiefeſt Pryde,
In Chaſtitie, and Vertues Tinctures dy'de:
VVhere th'vnpolluted Spirit Gracious,
Doth make her Angell-like, and Glorious.
Shee's Vertues Darling, VViſdomes Milk-whyte Doue,
Reaſons Care, and ſhee is honours Loue.
The Grace of Youth, the Comfort of the Age,
In both diſcreet, in both digeſt and ſage.
Her Studies, and her Exerciſes, holy:
But Petulance, laſcivious Sports, or Folly.
An handſome, humble Gravitie, her Grace,
VVith comely Carr'age, and a conſtant Pace.
Louely her Looks, and yet moſt chaſte her Eye,
Her Countenance ſevere, yet ſweet to ſee.
Her Actions all, are with her VVords, that's Trueth,
Her Conſtancie, her Fame, in Age, and Youth.
Her Wealth, her Vertues are, her Grace, her Glore,
Her Labour, Patience, and Content her Store.
Her vſuall Dyet, it is Abſtinence,
Her Ornament, and Crowne, is Continence.
Her Lawne-like Loue, vnſpotted is, and cleane,
Her Oriſons devote, her Hopes divine.
Her Parents Pleaſure, Honour of her Kin,
And Phœnix of the Land ſhee liveth in.
Of Female kinde, ſhee is the firſt and faireſt,
And one of all the Rationall, that's Rareſt.
And to bee found the Heavens beneath, and vnder,
The choyſeſt Iewell, and the chiefeſt Wonder.

A Wanton

A Wanton Woman. 35

A VVanton VVoman, 's Vicious, and ſtrange,
The type of Imperfection, and of Change.
In Qualitie a VVag-taile, and in ſhape,
A Siren; in her Nature, bot an Ape.
Her Vult, a Witch; inviting to all Evill:
For ſhee into Condition is a Devill.
Her Words are Charmes, and everie Nod, a Net,
To ſnare the Foole; and for the fleſhlie ſet.
Her Looks are Hooks, and Baits, bot to Abuſion:
Her Companie is Death, Loſſe, Confuſion:
Her luſtfull Lips, like Hybla-honey Drops;
Bot loathſome ſowre thele Liquors haue their Sops.
Her Mouth is ſoft, and ſmoother more than Oyle:
Bot what it ſpeaks, doth poyſon, ſpill, and ſpoyle.
Her Ende is worſe, and bitterer by farre,
Than Worme-wood, Gall, that tarte and bitter are.
Her Heart with Pride, and with Deceit doth ſwell:
Her Feete to Death, her Steps treade downe to Hell.
Her kynde Imbraces, and her Kiſſes killes:
Her Breath for Balme, bot bitter Venome ſtilles.
Her wav'ring Wit, bot naughtie Fancies nowriſh:
And all her Thoughts are wanton, vaine, all Whoriſh.
Her Life is lewde, all Ydleneſſe, and Play:
Her Dyet is th'exceſſe of Dainteis aye.
Her Loue is Vanitie; and ſtill in Change:
And as her Eyes, ſo her Affections range.
Her Excerciſe, bot Reſt; and yet are whollie,
Buſied about Inventions bot of Follie.
Her Fancies are for Faſhions, Toyes, and Showes:
Her VVeale in Colours, and her VVealth in Cloathes.
To catch, and cozin Men, is all her Care,
Her Houſe, an Hell, and all 's vnholie there.
Her VVayters on, are Bauds, for Beaſts and Bables:
Her Friendſhip falſe, and her Diſcourſes Fables.
She is the Plague of Youth, Repentance Storie,
Th'Abuſe of Tyme, and Ages Purgatorie.

A Quiet

A Quyet Woman, 36.

IS lyke a Winde, low, quyet, calme, and ſtill,
That blowes no Duſt, nor doth the Bodie chill:
Whom nev'r Impatience doth provoke, and moue,
Bot with her Patience wins the Heart of Loue.
Her VViſdome makes her VVill to bee preſerd,
And worthilie to get a great Regard.
Shee feares the LORD, flees Sinne, and loveth Peace:
Shee walkes to Heav'n; her Guyde thereto, is Grace.
Shee helpes and aydes, into Aſperitie,
And takes a parte into Proſperitie.
Her Tongue is ſtill vnto Diſcretion tyed:
Her Face with modeſt Shamefaſtneſſe is dyed.
Shee is her Husbands Heart, his Loue, his Choſe,
And Doane-Bed, where his Spirites doe repoſe.
Her braue Behaviour, is a Glaſſe, where-by
Her Children may their owne Miſcarr'age ſee.
She treades vpon the Tortoys, never ſtrayes
From Home, nor ydlie walkes vpon the Wayes.
Her Vertuous Doings, they doe her adorne;
Shee cares not Change, and Fortune ſhee doth ſcorne.
A Turtle to her Husband, in her Loue;
And meeke to him, ſhee lyke a Lambe doth proue.
No, nev'r what hee concludeth, doth controule;
An Angell, and a Sainct into her Soule.
Shee is a Pearle, that is vnprizable;
A Pleaſure great, that is vnſpeakable,
A Comfort too, that is Incomparable,
And in the Worlde, a Wyfe Inimitable.

An vnquiet Woman, 37.

SHee is a Thing, much worſe to keepe than knaw;
A Beaſt that brooks Subjection to no Law.
The Miſchiefe, and the Miſerie of Man,
That ſcarcely can deſcrybed bee: and whan
it is into

It is, into the verie *Hearts* and *Heads*
Of Law and Reaſon, Deteſtation breeds.
For her Demeanures, they indeede are *Theams*,
Which aye and onlie ſtand into Extreams.
Her *Words* and Voyce, the ſcrighing of an Owle,
That to affright Men, on the Night doth yowle.
Her Eyes, even as the Cockatrice, doe kill:
Her Hands, the Clawes are of the Crocadill.
Her Heart, a Cabinet, that doth containe
All that is naughtie, vicious, and prophane.
Tyme ſhee abuſeth, and ſhee woundeth Wit:
No Reaſon ſhee regards, bot wrongeth it.
Shee is impure, her Pryde vnſupportable:
Her Malice, matchleſſe, Will, vnſatiable.
Shee doth reſpect, nor anie perſon ſpares:
Defame ſhee fears not, nor for Counſell cares.
Her Wit is Will, Command, is, *Muſt*, not *No*:
Her Reaſon, *Shall*; her Satisfaction, *So*.
Shee cannot loue, lyke, nor allowes no Lord,
And doth from Law and Order both debord.
Shee is a Croſſe, bot not of CHRIST, a Croſſe:
A Griefe to Nature, and to Lyfe a Loſſe.
And from her Birth, ſhee's emptie of all Grace:
A Plague to Pietie, a Foe to Peace.
A Wracke of Wealth, a Wrangler, full of Wrath:
Moſt Tarte in Taſte, and in Digeſtion, Death.

A GOOD WYFE. 38.

A World of Wealth, a Iewell good and great,
And to her Lord, a Kingdome, in Conceat:
An *Heavenlie* Bleſſing, and Mans *Happineſſe*,
That nought, not Death, can miniſh, nor make leſſe.
Her Husbands Iewell, and her Childrens Ioe:
Ever Vertues Friend, and ever Vices Foe.
Her Converſation, is ſolacious:
Her Count'nance graue, yet ever gracious.
Her Tongue is temprate, and her Eye is warie:
Her Carriage is kynde, yet chaſte and charie.

Shee's

Shee's gracefull graue, a Mirrour to her Mayds:
Her Beautie naturall, but Arte, but Ayds.
Shee with no Pomate paints her Face, nor fairds:
Nor doth not vſe with Oyle to ſmooth't, and ſmeard,
To make it ſhow before the Sunne, and ſhyne,
To helpe pure Nature, wrong the Worke Divyne.
But ſhee doth count it well, and beſt decor'd,
As faſhion'd with the Finger of the LORD.
Shee's Miſtres of her Paſſions, and her Tongue
To Reaſons Girdle it is tyde, and hung.
Next Heaven, her Houſe ſhee holds her chiefeſt Care,
And that her good Houſwyfrie doth declare.
Shee goes not gadding, bot at Home ſhee dwells:
And when ſhee goes, ſhee goes on Tortois Shells.
Shee in Apparell is, and cloathed cleanlie;
Not too magnificke, no, nor yet too meanlie.
Her Words are wyſe, her Voyce is Muſicall,
And all her Actions are Harmonicall.

An Effœminate Man, 39.

IS lyke a Man, to ſee, in ſhape, in ſho,
That hath the Forme, and in effect is no.
Hee is a primped Piece, and therefore than,
Is Womaniſh, and bot a Chyldiſh Man.
Into his Reliſh, hee is Liquorous:
In Loue, and his Deſires, Libidinous.
Hee tryfles Tyme, and bot with Puppets playes:
A-Wenching walks, and ydlie dryues his Dayes.
Hee covets for to looke in Mirrours oft:
For to ſleepe ſound, and to lye long, and ſoft.
Hee loues to bee imbrac'd, and to bee kiſt;
And then, aboue the Beſt, hee thinks him bleſt.
Hee'inanelie talks, a Looke demure hee ſhoes:
Hee mirds too much, and too-too nycelie goes.
Hee Iuncates loues, and Dainties much deſyres;
And for to Ball, and Banquet, never Tyres.
To bee his Miſtres Man, hee vrgeth ſtill:
Bot to bee a Maſter to her Mayde hee will.

To

To frame lewde Lines, and ſing Loue Songs, hee loues:
To ſmell Perfumes, and haue ſweete watred Gloues.
Hee coyneth Purpoſes, and telleth Lyes:
Hee ſtudies Daunces, and Riddles doth devyſe.
Hee loues *Good-morrowes*, and yet doth delight
To ſleepe the Morning, and to watch all Night.
Hee doates to heare, and wandring Newes to chace:
And hunting for Them, haunts the Market place.
Hee ſighs for Loue, and will for Kyndneſſe greete:
Yea, with each *Humor* will a *Cadance* keepe.
His Game with Girls is moſt at Barla-breakes:
And after, on his *Bed Tobaccho* takes.
And then with Frictions, and with Cloathes fyre hot,
Full of theſe Fumes, breathes lyke a boyling Pot.
This Ganimede, ſoft, nyce, and Man-turn'd-Woman,
In verie deede, and in effect is No-man.

A Paraſite, 40.

HEE is the Picture of Impietie;
To gaine a Groat, avowde to Villanie.
For with a flattring Tongue hee will not fayle,
To picke Mens Pockets, and their Money ſteale.
His Face is Brazed, that hee cannot bluſh:
Shame ſet aſyde, none hee regardes a Ruſh.
And what hee lighteth on with both his hands,
Hee holdes; for they are lym'd, and lyke Bird Wands.
His *Tongue* vntymous, clinketh lyke a Bell,
And nought but *Tryfling Truethleſſe Tales* doth tell.
Hee playes the Pandare, and with Graceleſſe Greetings,
Hee carries Meſſages, for Evill Meetings.
And with ſmoothe Wordes, which hee is cunning in,
Perſwades a ſorte of Sweetneſſe into Sinne.
Hee is much lyke a Dogg without a Doore;
Where-at the Devill to daunce, went in before.
Or lyke a mounted Spyder hee doth ſhow:
And yet but liues on Poyſon heere *Below*.
So hee may gayne, hee lookes not who doth loſſe,
And for a Crowne his Credite hee will coſſe.

Hee hath no honeſtie, and doth no Duetie:
Hee ſpoyles the Youth, and is th'Abuſe of Beautie.
A Knaue at Court, a Cheater in the Citie,
That ſhould bee puniſht, and expell'd but Pittie,
A Ieſter alwayes, (tho his Ieſtes bee ſtall)
Hee is, and is a Iacke-an-Apes in all.

A Baude. 41.

A Baude, ſhee is a kynde of Woman-beaſt,
That ſpoyles Virginitie, and Mayden-heads maiſt:
For diſſolutelie when ſhee was bot young,
Shee vitiate, and did her owne a Wrong.
And ever ſince, without Remorſe or Feare,
Shee vſeth ſundrie Men, and Merchands Geare.
And for vntymous Trading with their Wares,
Into her Age Poſt to the Fiend ſhee fares.
To Damſels ſhee is dangerous, leſt theſe,
Shee with th'Oft-Falling-Sickneſſe and Diſeaſe,
Doe ſyle them, and infect; for ſhee was ever
Since ſhee was twelue yeares, touched with that Fever.
The Youth to ſpell, nev'r truſt her for to teach,
(Altho for Prooſes and Practiſe ſhe might Preach)
Leſt that ſhee doe, ſcarce well weand from the Mother,
Learne them too ſoone to Poynt, and put Together.
Shee playes the Surgeon, that can eaſe no Smarts,
Bot only ſwellings in the lower Parts.
Shee hath one ſong, and it ſhee ſoundeth aye;
Tyme is, *Tyme* was, and *Tyme* will weare away.
Sweet Daintie Things, therefore, neglect not You,
To vſe the *Tyme*, and take your Pleaſure now,
Incace when it is paſt, Occaſion gone,
You ſit vnſought, and courted bee with None.
And while this Toothleſſe vents her vitious Voyce,
From a waſte Wombe, and Breſt with birnings boſſe,
T'affright the Fiend, flat ſalne, and low-lyke ſhoes,
(As eldren Apes) her Cheeks, her Chin, her Noſe.

The Humour that ſhee's moſt diſpleaſing in,
Is at her Diſabilitie to Sinne.
And ſhee is nev'r more joviall, than when
Shee is perſwaded, Shee is young for Men.
Shee cares for nothing, nothing bot her Eaſe,
Loues bot her Luſt, pains bot her Panch to pleaſe.
She ſels her Soule, for Sacke, for Bottle-Ale;
For to lay downe her Fleſh, ſhee will not faile.
In nought bot one, is ſhee Induſtrious,
In th'Hoſpitall, or in the Baudie Houſe.
To ſee the Wenches well ſet all to Warke;
Bot almoſt ever, and ofteſt in the Darke.
Her Breath corrupt, her Head is balde, her Eyes
Rheumaticke, running thou beholds and ſees.
Shee's Vertues Spoyle, and Graces great Regrate,
The Wracke of Wealth, Natures Diſdaine, and Hate:
For SHEE is ſtomached, and ſtill doth ſtorme,
That ſo deform'd a Monſter ſhee ſhould forme.

A Drunkard. 42.

A Drunkard, to define him, is a Beaſt,
Tho hee the Figure haue, and bee Man-fac't.
Man Cap-ſhot, is no Man, no, ſcarce in part;
For hee hath neyther Hands, nor Head, nor Heart.
Hee is a Nowne, and an Adjectiue One,
That by himſelfe, well can not ſtand alone.
And yet a Tryer, and Conteſtor great,
Into his Weakeneſſe, and that ſtau'ring State.
If that in Surfets, Health, or Sickneſſe ſhall,
The Maſtrie haue, command, and o're-rule all.
Hee is the Figure of Deformitie:
And th'evidence of all enormitie.
It abuſeth Time, and Natures Rights ore-turns,
Hee waſteth Wealth, at Reaſon ſpights, and ſpurns.
All Modeſtie h'anoyeth, and hee marres,
All temp'rate Sprites hee frights from him and ſkarres.

civilitie

Civilitie hee doth diſturbe, and trouble;
And all Diſorder Orderleſſe doth double.
Hee's Woe to his Wife; to his Children Griefe:
His Neighbours Skoffe, and to himſelfe a Thiefe.
His Feete doe reele, his Tougue at Randon runnes,
Hee doth, hee ſayes, and knows not what, yet ſinnes.
Hee blaſts, hee braiks, hee bans, and hee blaſpheams:
Hee ſhouts, or ſleeps, and ſtill is in Extreams.
Hee waſtes, and wots not how, and ſo doth weaken,
His Stomacks ſtrength, altho that it were oaken.
The Sober ſigh, and for his Faſhions flees him:
And all beſide they ſcoffe and ſcorne that ſees him.
And ſo hee ſerues for nought, except to ſhame,
Himſelfe, and ſlay his Bodie, Soule, and Fame.

A Coward, 43.

THe Fruite of Feare, Suſpition, and of Dreed,
Whom Nature got, bot in colde Blood did breed.
And had too much a-doe, to make vp than,
A Creature, that ſhould reſemble a Man.
And that is all hee keepeth of his Kind,
For beaſtly baſe dejected is his Minde.
His Life a Sickneſſe is, that doth reſemble,
A ſort of Palſie, for his Ioyntes doe tremble.
And but a Cauſe, ſuch Terrour hee will take,
That hee will faint, and all his Members ſhake.
His Death then by debaſed Diffidence,
It is a Terrour to his Conſcience.
His feeble Faith, no kinde of Hope it beares,
And therefore Death hee out of Meaſure feares.
All Perſons hee ſuſpects, and everie Place,
And therefore wretched is the Cowards Caſe.
Hee much affecteth Peace, for feare of Warres;
The thought of which his Sprite affrights and ſcarres.
And if hee bleede his Finger, hee anone,
Looks for the Signe, and layes his Life is gone.

And if his Tooth but ake, incontinent
Hee makes his Latter Will, and Teſtament.
The Roaring, and Report, that Cannons giues,
Proſtrates him flat, and neare of Sprite depriues.
And Thunder-claps doe him diſcourage ſo,
That hee can neyther ſtand, nor ſtirre, nor goe.
Before hee fight, or to Combate hee kythe,
Content is hee, and to bee beaten, blythe.
And if his Feete may ſuccour him, bee ſure
His Head, nor Hands, no danger ſhall endure.
Hee of no Hazard heares, nor hardie Feats,
Bot, fy for Shame, hee ſhudders, and hee ſweats.
Hee will b'affrayde, with flying of a Bird,
Or noyſe of Wands that with the Winds are ſtird.
Marrie hee will, and marrie bot with Such,
As are bot Meane, and not of Might too much.
Nor will hee haue a Wife that's faire: For why?
Some Broyls may bee, and Quarrels come there-by.
And when hee getts her, if hee finds her frowne,
Then hee's abaſh'd, dejected, and caſt downe.
If ſhee bot chance to chyde him, than hee weepes;
And comes as Spaniels, when they couch, and creepes.
Where Dogs doe barke, hee comes not neare that Houſe,
Bot flees, as from the Catts th'amated Mouſe.
If hee bee rich, for feare hee nev'r concludes,
How to diſpoſe vpon, or vſe his Goods.
And in his Nature, NATVRE doth defame,
For hee doth Manhood both diſgrace and ſhame.

An Honeſt Poore Man, 44.

HEE is a Prooſe and Map of Miſerie,
In patient porting of his Penurie.
With Wants vnknowne, hee doth reſolue to ſterue,
Than thoſe relieue, and with Diſcredit ſerue.

hee prooues

Hee prooues his Patience, and her ſtrength hee tryes,
In ſuffring Griefe but grudge, even while hee dyes.
His Little is Much, his meane and ſober Rent,
Affords him Store, rich quyet, and content,
Yet ſome times ſo the Touch of Want him plyes,
That from his Heart Teares burſt out at his Eyes:
And from his Soule ſuch Pailes of Sighs, and ſmoake,
Are ſent, that would impatient Spirits choake.
Bot ſo his Reaſon his hote Paſſ'ons temper,
That it controules, and moderates them Semper.
Yet bluſhes oft for ſhame of Beggarie,
Or with the Senſe of his Neceſſitie.
For Rich Men ſhun, and flee him like Infection,
His Wants refuſe, his Sutes, finds all Rejection.
And with a Frowning, cold and careleſſe Eye.
Or with a Skoffe th'vpbraide him going by.
His Lodging is the Earth, and oftimes even
The Banke his Bed, his Courtanes clouds of Heaven.
Rootes his Repaſte, bot ſending or'e his Fare,
And ſuch poore Portion as the Godly ſpare,
The Sunne his Summer-Comfort vntill Night,
The Moone his Torch, his Lampe, and Winter Light.
His Mournings are the Muſicke of his Breath,
His Songs are Swan-like, ſung before his death.
His ſtudie, Patience, and his Labour Prayer:
And yet with-all, meeke are his Forms, and faire.
His Life below a Pilgrimage doth prooue,
His Reſting Rowme and home, is Heaven aboue.
Hee lightlie liues, and as no Man, neglected,
And dyes not moand, not miſt, no, nor reſpected;
Yet tho the Worlde his Wants and State contemne,
Hee ſhall inherite th'High IERVSALEM.
And more nor hee (ſtands in the State of Grace,)
That hath the Worlds Proſperitie and Peace.
Hee fullie hath the Favour of the LORD,
And hee with Faith, with Hope, and Loue is ſtor'd:
And there-in hath for him reſerv'd a Treaſure,
Paſt Reckning, Rich, Great, paſt all Meanes & Meaſure.

A Iuſt Man, 45.

THe Childe of Trueth and Vertue both, a Birth
That ſhall inherite Heaven, inhabite Earth.
For Nature in a meane and temprate Mood,
Bred and brought foorth this Fruit, as Rare, as Good.
His Eyes from wilfull Blindneſſe they are cleare;
His Hands from Blood and Brybrie are enteare.
His Will is voyde and free from Wilfulneſſe;
His Heart moſt holy, hath no Wickedneſſe.
His Word and Deede are ev'r and alwayes one:
Hee violates, nor this, nor that, to None.
His Lyfe doth ſhow the Nature of his Loue,
Whoſe Aime, whoſe Ende, and Object is Aboue.
His eſauld Dealing, and his Deeds declare,
To keepe his Conſcience cleane, his conſtant Care.
The chiefeſt Comfort that ſuch happie haue,
Th'aſſurance is of Lyfe, and to bee ſaue.
When as hee on the Bench a Iudge doth ſit,
Hee ponders all, and powders all with Wit.
With cloſed Hands, and Single eyes hee ſhawes,
That there hee ſits to grace as giue the Lawes.
And thus in judging, ſo his Iudgement proues,
Hee honours Reaſon, and hee Iuſtice loues.
Hee feares not Power t'Equall, and to Place,
With Iuſtice, Rigour; Mercie myld, with Grace.
Hee feares the LORD, and as hee loues Him too,
His Worſhip hee, in Feare, and Loue doth doe.
His Walks are vert'ous, in his Makers Sight,
Hee treads not by-Rods, bot hee traces Right.
Hee loues the Good, the Bad hee cannot byde:
Hee loues Humilitie, and hateth Pryde.
His Works are alwayes worthie for his Deeds:
As Honour bringes Them foorth, ſo Vertue breeds.
And Wiſdome foſtring war'lie weaneth Them,
For his rich Vertue, to renowne his Name.
So that hee hath an vnderſtanding Braine,
And Sprite of Knowledge, more than is Humane.
And thereby is One from Aboue that's Bleſt,
And on the Earth, One earthly, that is Beſt.

A Repen-

A Repentant Sinner, 46.

OF all Forlorne, hee finds himselfe the First,
And vowes hee is of Wretches all the Worst:
So bad is the Estate hee standeth in,
While hee is sowsed in the Seas of Sinne.
Hee sighes, therefore, and for his Guilt doth groane,
And sends Remorsefull thoughts to MERCIES THRONE;
To pray for Pardon, Pittie, and Compassion,
For CHRISTS most bloodie, and most bitter Passion.
And offers with a broken Heart contreete,
Of Prayse and Thanks a Sacrifice most sweet.
Whose sad Remembrance, all his Entralls teares,
And makes him weepe, and wash his Couch with Teares.
The hate of Sinne, is figur'd in his Face,
By th'operation of the Sprite of Grace.
Hee covets nothing, bot such things that are
Conducent for him, and most necessare.
Superfluous, and vaine hee doth abhorre,
And nev'r delights in these that's transitore.
Hee lusts not after more, than hee would haue,
Yet more contemplates, than hee can conceiue.
The sharpe Recording of his Sinnes doth search,
His secret Soule, and to the Spleane doth pearse.
While in the Detestation of them all,
Woefull hee weepes. for his Offence and Fall.
Yet still his Hopes for Mercie springs Aboue,
Despare and Feare, through Force of Fayth and Loue.
His Senses tyre his Sprites, and thus distrest,
His Soule in Natures Course can finde no Rest.
The Slough of Sinne, and Rags of Vice hee wore,
Hee shifts him off, and mynds to vse no more.
Bot as that Snake, that slayeth with the Sight,
All Sinne, all Wrong, and Vice, hee doth despight.
Hee laboures still in Loue, and liuely Fayth,
To liue to GOD in Feare, and at his Death
To die in favour, that hee may in Heav'n
Enjoy the Glorie GOD hath freely given.

A Reprobate, 47.

HEE is the Worke of Violence and Wrath,
The Sonne of Sinne, but Hope, but Loue of Faith:
Who beeing borne, for Service of the Devill,
But Care doth all, and all hee doth is Evill.
No Villanie eſcapes him, that hee can:
For loathſome Sinnes delighteth moſt this Man.
His Wits are wandring, weake, and ſtill vnſtable,
His Speech prophaine, impure, vnprofitable.
His Actions orderleſſe, and ſcelerate;
Corrupted all, curſt, and contaminate.
With all theſe Ills, that with the Fiends downe fell,
From th'higheſt Heaven, vnto the loweſt Hell.
For Wiſdome, ſtands his Will: which while its ſo,
Bot Furie, or bot Follie, flows there-froe.
Hee's full of Infidelitie, Miſtruſt,
And onlie doth delight t'injure the Iuſt.
The Simple hee deceiues, and ſucks the Blood;
And vnder Truſt, of th'Innocent and Good.
His Breath is bot the Blaſt of Blaſphemie,
And all his Practiſe proues Impietie.
His Conſcience cauteriz'd, his Senſes ſeard,
His Heart is hardned, and hee is not feard
To Fault and Fall, bot like a Free-man fares,
And nev'r in Publicke his Treſpaſſing ſpares.
Hee worſhips ſeldome; and it is in vaine,
Like Cains Sacrifice, becauſe prophane.
Hee is indur'd, an Out-caſt from the LORD;
Impenitent, vnmyndfull to remord.
His wicked wiſhes are the wracke of thoſe,
That Vertous, godly are, and Vices Foes.
Hee loues Confuſion, and deſires Diſorder,
And Boucher-like, bathes in the Blood of Murder.
T'oppreſſe and ſpoyle, hee bot a Mirding makes,
And ſcorns the Law, when hee her Statutes breaks.
And bee hee put in a reſpected Place,
The Good they ſmart, the guiltie gets the Grace.

remorſe

Remorſe, regarde, nor Pittie hee hath none;
For Feare of GOD and Hope of Grace is gone.
This Peace-Oppreſſor, Lawleſſe, Litigious;
This damn'd Reprobate, and Irreligious,
Is a Man-Monſter, and an Humane Evill;
A Diabolicke, and Incarnate Devill.

An Holie Man, 48.

HIs heart is Heavenly, and his Hopes are hie,
Ev'r over-mounting all Mortalitie.
Things that's corrupt, hee doth contemne, and hold
All Mammons Meanes, but Mucke, Goods, Treaſure, Gold.
No Honours heere, nor Pleaſure hee reſpects,
But thinks they are of Fancies, frayle Effects.
The Soli-loquies of his Soule are ſweet,
His Mouth and Mynde in Meditation meet.
Natures Perfection, is an Holie Man,
And the beſt Good that Shee exhibite can.
For what hath Earth more perfect than that Spright,
In Sanctitie that ſerues his GOD aright?
Yet Nature perfects no ſuch Peace alone,
But Grace and Fayth their working there-vpon.
The Holy Man, is only hee that's wyſe,
For only Heav'n hee holds before his Eyes.
And what is heere Below, and Earthly, hee
That vſes only for Neceſſitie.
And ſo, as that they finde him and afford,
To ſerue his Needs, while that hee ſerues his LORD.
His Senſes ſo hee tempreth and commands,
That they t'obey his Spirit readie ſtands.
Which in an Orbe Æthereall doth moue,
Stirr'd by a Strength and Power from Aboue.
And by obſerving Natures Courſe and Lawes,
The Arte of Reaſon, hee acquires, and knawes.
And Treads on the th'Earth, and trav'ling, doth remaine,
While hee turne Earth; and bee trod on againe.

Altho his Soule, inlarg'd from Carnall Stryfe,
Doe liue in Heav'n, that gaue his Senſes Lyfe:
Vntill the Reſurrection of the Fleſh,
That from the Earth ſhall ryſe, refynd, and freſh:
When all the World is waltring vp-ſyde-downe:
When Fortune fawnes, or when the Fates doe frowne:
Hee happie doth his Sprite poſſeſſe in Peace,
Becauſe ſupported with the Power of Grace.
His Charitie, and libraall Handes declare,
Of Others Want, his kynde and Chriſtian Care.
Hee gladlie giues, of what his GOD hath given,
Which ſhall to him redoubled bee in Heaven.
To liue to GOD, his Practiſe all doth proue:
Heaven is through Fayth, his Hope; the LORD, his Loue.
His Exerciſe is Prayer, his Studies bee
Into the Volumes of Divinitie:
And There hee meditates, admiring moſt,
Th'Vnit' of the FATHER, SONNE, and Holie GHOST:
VVhich nev'r in all the numbers of his Dayes,
Enough can hee admire, extoll, and prayſe.
His Heart, (to watch his Eye) hee ordaines it:
And to his Mouth a Doore hee makes his Wit.
And both hee ordaines ev'r, and doth direct,
His Sprite from ſinfull Pleaſure to protect.
Hee liues not lyke a VVorldlie VVorme, that does
For Permanent, Things periſhing, heere chooſe.
No, no, his Loue is ſet on Thinges vnſeene,
And raviſhed with VVares that are Divine.
His Loue is Heavenlie, Holie, and doth hold
No Holie Dayes with Loue of Mundane Mold.
VVherefore hee's lyable to manie Loſſes,
And oft incurres and combred is with Croſſes.
Yet Heavenlie Helps, and Hope vp-holds him ſo,
That Loſſe no Loſſe, nor Croſſe hee counteth no.

An Olde Man. 49.

THe Inſtance of a Tract of Tyme of Yeares,
VVhere-in declyning, Natures Power appeares:
VVhen

VVhen by Defect of Senſes ſee wee may,
The vſe of Reaſon both reſtraind, and ſtay.
Bot yet his Knowledge with his Tyme conferre,
And hee ſhall prooue Experience Kalendar.
Tho in the power of Action hee is not,
As't were a Blanke, extracted from a Lot.
Hee is a Subject bot of Sickneſſe now,
And VVeakneſſe Agent, that the Backe moſt bow.
Croſt with the Coagh, and a corrupted Breath:
And ſo Præcurſor to approaching Death.
An Olde Man, is bot halfe a Man, and twyſe
Hee turnes to bee a Bairne, and Childiſh lyes.
Hee's bot the living Picture of a Man,
And is a verie dying Creature than.
Beholde him well, and in effect you'll finde
Him bot a Bladder, blowne and ſtuft with VVinde.
Hee's lyke a withred Tree, and arride Root,
That buds not, flowriſheth, nor beares no Fruit.
And lyke a VVeather-worne, and Tyme-torne Houſe,
Decaying faſt, and falling ruinous.
Tho in his dying and declyning Grouth,
Yet is hee Pepper in the Eyes of Youth.
Hee is the jeſt of Loue, and for Infirmitie
Hee may the Mirrour bee of Miſerie.
Yet Aged Lockes, and Silver Haires, deſerue
That Youth ſhould reverence, regard, and ſerue.
For Honour often tymes, and VViſdome both,
Into an Olde Mans Gowne and Garment go'th.
Ag'd Gravitie, and great Experience,
Doth challenge both Reſpect and Reverence.
His wyſe Advyſe, his Counſell true and ſage,
By Practiſe long, oft proov'd, from Youth to Age,
Should with all States and Perſons bee reſpected:
And not in Honourable Age neglected.
His Wordes are Oracles; they ſhould bee Noted
In Kalendars, for Common vſe, and Quoted,
His Actions ſhould bee imitate, and chooſed,
To bee there-after for Exemples vſed.
But as the Tyme, and Torch of Waxe doth waſte;
So, liue hee nere ſo long, hee dies at laſt.

A Young

A Young Man. 50.

THe Spring of Time, when Nature mindes to vent,
Her Pride, and beſt of Beauties, excellent:
And to the Worlde ſhow and exhibite will,
Her Arte Divine, in-Imitable Skill.
Hee is the Loue, and the Delight of th'Eye,
And well conſidred, ſingular to ſee.
His Fleſh and Sprite, are at a Iuſt and Iarring,
And hee is all in Making, or in Marring.
His Wit and Will, ſtands at inteſtene Stryfe,
If This, or That, ſhall Lord and leade his Life.
His Vertues bee in Waxing, or in Waining,
And all his Good, in loſing, or in Gaining.
His Thrift is as hee guydes him, and begins,
If Tentleſſe, ſure hee tynes, if Wiſel', hee wins.
His Credit is (what ever bee his Calling,)
And Honour in the Mounting, or the Falling.
His Life is in th'Increaſing, or Decay,
And hee walks in the VVyde, or Narrow VVay.
Hee is a Bloome, that's blaſted in the Bud,
Or growes to bee a Fruite that's faire and good.
Hee's like a Bird, that dies ere Nature brings
Her to make vſe, and venture to her Wings.
Or like a Colt, that is Penſce-fed, and Ydle,
And None can breake, without a Stryping Brydle.
Or Falcon-like, muſt bee well Mann'd, and Fram'd,
Els hee can nev'r, or hardly, bee reclam'd.
Hee is Dames Natures Darling, and her Io,
And cheefeſt Charge of Reaſon is alſo.
His Exerciſe is Studie, in his Youth,
Or it is Action, in his elder Grouth.
His Studies are vnto his Pleaſures moſt,
Or vpon Knowledge is beſtow'd his Coſt,
The Diſpoſition marked of his Mynde,
Declares him Iade-lyke, or of Iennet kynde.
His Carr'age is a Trying Table, or Touch.
That proues him Gentle, or degenred much.

for youth

For Youth is lyke to Lumpes of Lead, or Waxe,
That at the Workers Will th'Impreſſion takes.
Which being hardned, and becomming cold,
Th'Indented Dints and forme it hath, doth hold.
The Qualit of his Birth, frames him perforce,
In his Vpbringing better, bee or worſe.
And while Experience fine, and Reaſon fit,
His Vnderſtanding, hee's no Man as yet,
No, rather bot a Chylde; and I may ſay,
With Flatterie to bee deprav'd, a Prey:
And doth conſiſt and ſtand in ſuch a Caſe,
As eyther hee, is in the Way of Grace,
To proue a Saincᵗ; or walking in his Evill,
And Path of Sinne, ſhall doubtleſſe grow a Devill.

FINIS.